

CONAN THE  
BARBARIAN

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FEB

THE GREATEST SWORD-AND-SORCERY HERO OF ALL!

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AUGUST  
1972  
AUTHORITY

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN

VS. THE GRIM  
GREY  
GOD!

MARVEL  
COMICS  
GROUP

TM

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10 CENTS

FROM OUT OF EARTH'S DIM, FORGOTTEN PAST--FROM THE CENTURIES WHICH  
SPRAWL BETWEEN THE SINKING OF ATLANTIS AND THE DAWNING OF HISTORY--COMES--

# CONAN THE BARBARIAN!™

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE GRIM GREY GOD!

NIGHT IN HYPERBOREA---THAT RUDE,  
FIERCE LAND WHICH ONCE WAS FIRST  
AMONG HYBORIAN KINGDOMS, BUT  
NOW IS SUNKEN BACK INTO SAVAGERY  
AND BARBARISM.

A VOICE ECHOES AMONG THE  
BLACK REACHES OF THE REAR-  
ING MOUNTAINS --- AND AT ITS  
SEPULCHRAL SOUND, CONAN  
WHEELS, SNARLING LIKE A  
WOLF AT BAY---

CROM'S  
DEVILS!  
WHO'S  
THAT? IF IT'S  
SOME  
HYPERBOREAN  
DOG, COME TO  
SKEWER ME  
BEFORE I CAN  
BREAK MY  
CHAINS,  
I'LL---

STAN ROY BARRY  
LEE • THOMAS • SMITH  
EDITOR WRITER ARTIST

SAL BUSCEMA -  
EMBELLISHER  
SAM ROSEN - LETTERER

FREELY ADAPTED FROM ROBERT E. HOWARD'S STORY  
"THE GREY GOD PASSES!"

\*SEE MAP IN OUR LETTERS SECTION.

BUT NOW, SILENCE HANGS HEAVY ON THE STARS ONCE MORE-- AND SO CONAN DRAWS NEARER THE TALL STRANGER HE HAS ESPIED...



WELL, CONAN  
YOU ARE FAR  
FROM YOUR  
NATIVE  
CIMMERIA.

I DO NOT  
KNOW YOU--  
BUT IF YOU'VE  
COME TO TRY  
TO TAKE ME  
BACK...

WHITHER DO YOU  
FLEE, WITH HYPER-  
BOREAN CHAINS  
ABOUT YOUR WRISTS?

CONAN  
THE  
BARBARIAN

FOOL! DO YOU  
TAKE ME FOR A  
MERE HUNTER  
OF RUNAWAY  
CAPTIVES?

THERE ARE  
WILDER  
MATTERS  
ABROAD.



CAN'T YOU  
SMELL IT,  
CONAN? THE  
SCENT OF  
BLOOD IS  
ON THE  
WIND...

THE MUSK OF  
SLAUGHTER  
--AND THE  
SHOUTS OF THE  
SLAYING!

THERE IS WAR ALONG THE BORDERS,  
STRIPLING. THE SPEARS OF HYPER-  
BOREA ARE RISING AGAINST THE  
SWORDS OF BRYTHUNIA!

THE DEATH-  
FIRES SOON  
SHALL LIGHT  
THE LAND  
LIKE THE MID-  
DAY SUN.



HOW CAN YOU  
KNOW THIS?

WE ARE  
LEAGUES  
FROM THE  
BORDER.

WHO ARE  
YOU-- THAT  
YOU WIELD  
A BATTERED  
YET GLEAM-  
ING SWORD?

TELL  
ME, OR I'LL  
TAKE THESE  
CHAINS IN  
HAND,  
AND--

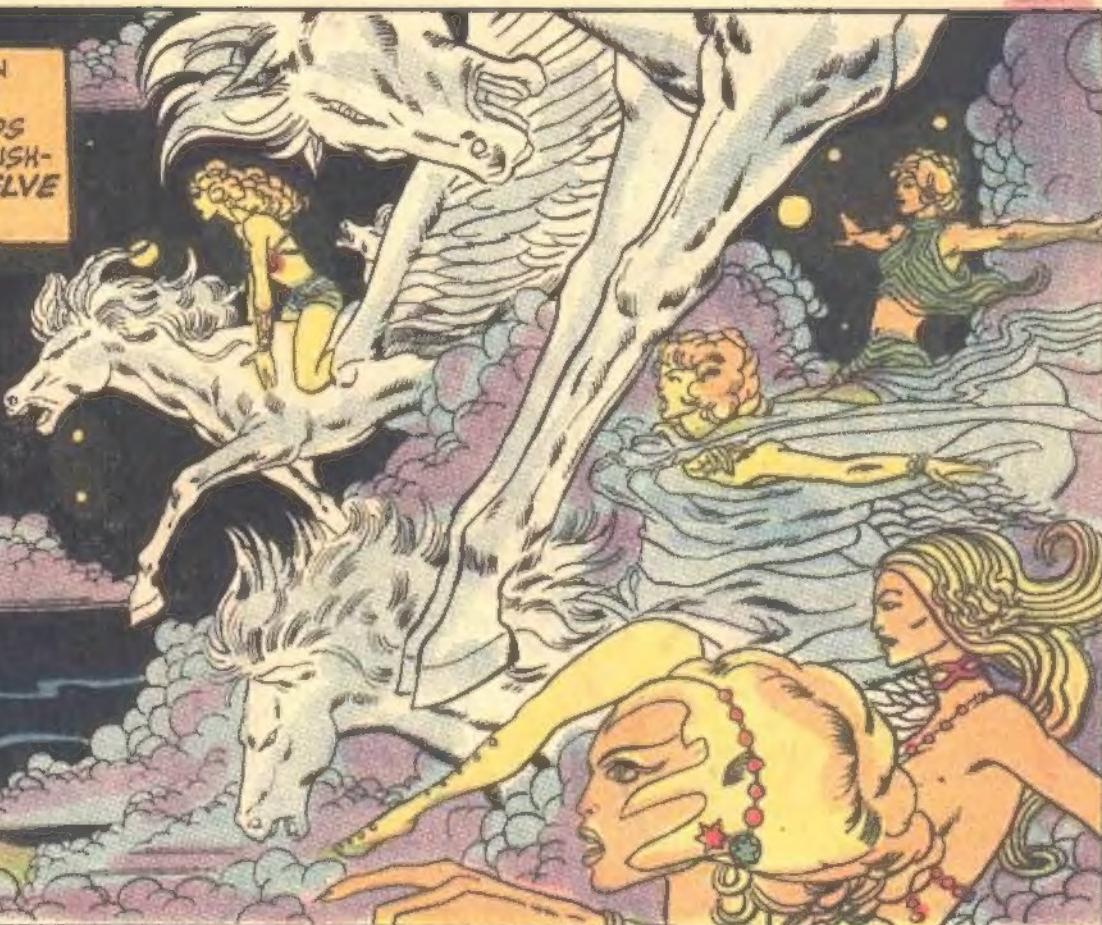
WHAT ?? YOU--  
WOULD THREATEN  
ME !?

LIFT YOUR  
EYES, BOY--  
AND LEARN  
TO WHOM YOU  
SPEAK!



AND NOW, THE CIMMERIAN CRIES OUT--AS, FROM OUT THE BILLOWING CLOUDS ABOVE, WITH A GREAT RUSHING OF WIND, SWEEP TWELVE SHAPES.

AS IN A NIGHTMARE, CONAN BEHOLDS THE TWELVE WINGED HORSES AND THEIR RIDERS--WOMEN IN FLOWING SILVER GARMENTS, THEIR GOLDEN HAIR STREAMING BEHIND THEM... THEIR COLD EYES FIXED ON SOME AWESOME GOAL BEYOND HIS KEN.



THE CHOOSERS OF THE SLAIN!

NOW COMES THE REAPING OF KINGS... THE GARNERING OF CHIEFS LIKE A HARVEST.

TO EACH BEING, THERE IS AN APPOINTED TIME...



THEN, CONAN FLEES... BUT A LAST BACKWARD GLANCE SHOWS HIM THE STRANGER ETCHED AGAINST THE CLOUD-TORN SKY, CLOAK BLOWING IN THE WIND...

AND IT SEEMS TO CONAN THAT THE MAN HAS GROWN MONSTROUSLY IN STATURE, AND THAT HE LOOMS COLOSSAL AMONG THE CLOUDS... AND THAT HE IS SUDDENLY GREY AS WITH VAST AGE.

...THE SUMMER GALE HAS BLOWN ITSELF OUT NOW, AND A LONE HORSEMAN RIDES IN SOMBER SILENCE...

PERHAPS HE THINKS OF THE MAMMOTH CAMP-SITE NOT FAR DISTANT---OF 20,000 WARRIORS, MAKING DARK THE FACE OF THE FOREST.

PERHAPS HE THINKS OF THE COMING BATTLE... AND OF THE DEATHS THAT MANY WILL DIE---AND PERHAPS HE IS JUST A TRIFLE AFRAID.

HO THERE, BRYTHUNIAN! REIN UP! I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU.

EH? WHO ARE YOU?

TELL ME-- HAS BRYTHUNIA GONE TO WAR WITH HYPERBOREA?

YOU DIDN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION, FELLOW... BUT YOUR CHAINS TELL ME YOU'VE LATELY BEEN IN HYPERBOREAN SLAVE PENS.

THEN-- YOU MUST TAKE ME WITH YOU...

AND THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUERY IS... YES!

...FOR, I HAVE MANY HYPERBOREANS TO KILL.

...BY CROM! FROM ALL YOU'VE TOLD ME, DUNLANG, IT'S JUST AS THE GREY MAN HINTED.

YET, HOW COULD HE HAVE KNOWN? SURELY IT WAS ALL A DREAM.

I GAVE YOU A RIDE ON A WHIM, BARBARIAN... AND I STILL CAN'T BE SURE YOU WON'T TRY TO STAB ME IN THE BACK.

WHY NOT TELL ME HOW YOU CAME HERE--IF ONLY TO SET MY MIND AT EASE EH?

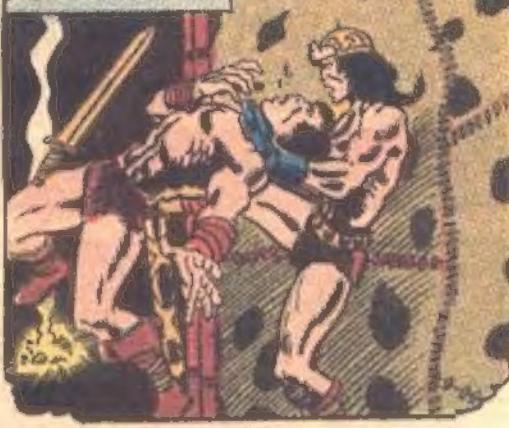
"DONE, FRIEND. I WAS TRYING TO GET HOME AFTER A BATTLE WITH SOME--APES-- WHEN HYPERBOREAN SLAVE TRADERS WAYLAID ME."



"THEY TOOK ME BACK TO THEIR LAND.. AND THERE WAS A BLOND ONE WHO WAS HANDY WITH THE LASH."



"BUT ONE NIGHT, A GUARD WAS CARELESS ..."



"... AND I FLED!"



"THE BORDER OF YOUR KINGDOM WAS CLOSEST, SO I MADE FOR IT..."



"...HOPING, PERHAPS, TO MEET THAT BLOND ONE ALONG THE WAY!"

"WELL TOLD, MAN. YOU'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT SCUM, ALL RIGHT."



BUT THERE'S OUR CAMP BELOW.

DON'T GO BACK, DUNLANG! IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE... DON'T GO BACK!

WHO--?

EEVIN!

THEN.. YOU'VE NOT FORGOTTEN ME -- NOT EVEN HERE, WITH THE VULTURE OF WAR HOVERING BLACK IN THE AIR.



COME AWAY WITH ME--TO SHADOWED FORESTS WHERE THE YEARS SEEM LIKE HOURS, DRIFTING BY FOREVER.

EEVIN, MY LOVE--I KNOW THAT THE FUTURE IS OFTEN YOURS TO SEE, IN MISTY DREAMS.

BUT WHEN BATTLE CALLS, I MUST ANSWER--THOUGH CERTAIN DOOM BE MY PORTION.

THEN, DUNLANG.. BY THE VEIL WHICH MY DREAMS DO PIERCE...

I BEG OF YOU-- FLY WITH ME, MY DARLING!

WHILE, ELSEWHERE IN THE VAST WOOD, MID-WAY BETWEEN THE CAMPS OF BRYTHONIAN AND HYPERBOREAN...

PLEASE, MALACHI... WE MET HERE TO SPEAK OF OUR PLAN, REMEMBER?

BAH! HOW CAN I THINK OF SCHEMES AND WARS, KORMLADA

--WHEN YOUR PRESENCE BOILS MY BLOOD... YOUR LOVELINESS FILLS MY MIND--?

NO, MALACHI. YOU KNOW THAT THE TIME GROWS SHORT.

YES, AND I AM COMMANDER OF THE BRYTHUNIAN CAVALRY--

--WHILE YOU ARE, KING TOMAR'S WOMAN--HE WHO IS WARLORD OF THE FIERCE HYPERBOREANS.

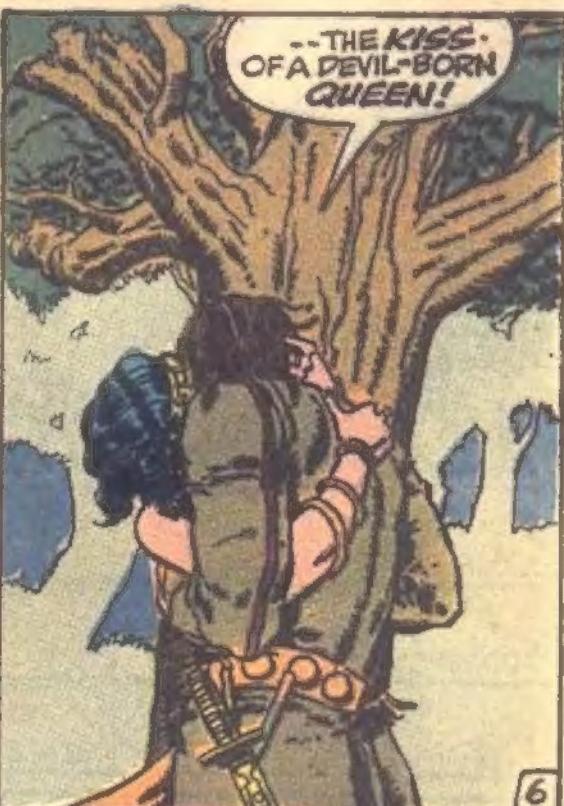
AND HAVE YOU CONSIDERED MY LORD'S OFFER?

AYE! WHEN THE FATEFUL MOMENT COMES IN THE MORROW'S BATTLE, I SHALL HOLD BACK MY HORSEMEN -- AND THE DAY SHALL BELONG TO KING TOMAR.

BUT, I WANT MORE THAN TOMAR'S PROMISE OF RICHES IN RETURN FOR MY TREACHERY.

I WANT ALSO...

--THE KISS OF A DEVIL-BORN QUEEN!



AND SO THEY PART-- THE BRYTHUNIAN TRAITOR-TO-BE, AND THE HAUGHTY, HIGH-BORN KORMLADA--!



-- AYE,  
DUNLANG  
I REPEAT  
MY DREAD-  
ED WORDS.

IN MY DREAMS,  
I HAVE BEHELD  
YOU DEAD--  
AND RINGED  
ABOUT WITH  
SHOUTING  
WARRIORS.

YET, I HAVE BROUGHT  
YOU A GIFT AGAINST  
THE TIME OF BATTLE.

IT MAY SAVE  
YOU-- BUT I  
HOPE WITH-  
OUT HOPE  
IN MY HEART.  
A COAT  
OF--  
GOLDEN  
MAIL?

AND ENCHANTED MAIL,  
TOO, IF I KNOW MY EEVIN--  
WHOSE RACE WAS OLD  
WHEN THIS LAND WAS  
YOUNG.

THOUGH I HAVE ALWAYS  
DISDAINED ARMOR, I  
SHALL WEAR THIS--  
FOR YOUR SAKE,  
IF NOT MY  
OWN.

NOW COME,  
CONAN-- IT  
IS TIME TO  
GO.



TAKE CARE,  
GREAT DUNLANG.  
BE NOT EVER IN  
THE FORE-  
FRONT OF  
TOMORROW'S  
CLASH.

FOR,  
OUR  
FOES  
ARE MAD  
WITH THE  
LUST FOR  
CONQUEST--

ANOTHER CAMP LIES BEYOND THE  
FOREST GREEN-- THE CAMP OF THE  
SAVAGE HYPERBOREANS-- AND  
WITHIN THIS CAMP, THE TENT OF THE  
HOT-BLOODED KING TOMAR...

KORMLADA!



-- AND I  
FEEL THE  
PRESENCE  
OF GREY  
DEATH  
HOVERING  
NEAR ME.



MUST YOU  
BELLOW SO,  
TOMAR?

I HAVE  
JUST RE-  
TURNED  
-- FROM THE  
MISSION  
ON WHICH  
YOU YOUR-  
SELF SENT  
ME.

WELL THEN, TELL ME! WILL THE BRYTHONIAN MALACHI WITHHOLD HIS CAVALRY--- AND GIVE ME THE VICTORY?

YOU-- ARE HURTING ME, MY LORD.

I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM, IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME...

HE.. WILL DO AS YOU ASK--!

GOOD. I KNEW THE FOOL COULD BE BOUGHT.

NOW, BACK TO YOUR KNITTING, WOMAN--



DUNLANG! WE FEARED OUR FAVORITE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN CAPTURED! BUT-- IS THIS SOME CAPTIVE HYPERBOREAN YOU BRING WITH YOU?

NO HYPERBOREAN, SIRE-- BUT A CIMMERIAN NAMED CONAN, COME TO HELP OUR CAUSE.

I HAVE SWORN THESE CHAINS WILL NOT LEAVE MY WRISTS, O KING...

WELL SPOKEN. AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE, WHEN FIRE-FINGERED DAWN DRAWS NEAR.



LATER, 'ROUND A ROARING  
CAMPFIRE---

YOU!  
BARBARIAN!

I AM MALACHI, CHIEF OF ALL  
THE KING'S HORSEMEN.

HE HAS  
ORDERED  
ME TO SEE  
THAT YOU  
PICK A  
**WEAPON**  
FOR THE  
COMING  
BATTLE, IF  
YOU WOULD  
**FIGHT FOR**  
US....

I DO NOT  
FIGHT FOR  
YOU, PIG-  
EYES-- BUT  
**AGAINST**  
THE HYPER-  
BOREANS.

AND I'LL  
DO IT  
MY WAY.

INSULT  
ME, WILL  
YOU,  
STRIPLING?

IF YOU WERE  
NOT UNDER  
DUNLANG'S  
PROTECTION,  
I'D--

THERE'S  
BUT ONE  
THING YOU  
CAN  
DO FOR  
ME, PIG-  
EYES--

SLICE MY  
**CHAIN**--  
HERE, WHERE  
I POINT.

AND ALL THE NIGHT IS  
**GREY**-- AS GREY AS THAT  
GRIM, STARK GIANT,  
WHOSE WORDS STILL RING  
IN CONAN'S EARS---

NOW-- I HAVE  
MY WEAPON.

A HUNK OF  
RUSTING  
**CHAIN**?  
BAH--  
YOU'LL BE  
THE FIRST  
TO FALL.

"SOON YOU SHALL  
WITNESS THE PASS-  
ING OF KINGS --  
AYE, AND OF MORE  
THAN KINGS!!"

BUT--  
IN THE  
END--  
IT WILL  
MATTER  
LITTLE--

THEN, THRU THE  
MIST OF THE  
WHITENING DAWN--

...MEN MOVE LIKE GHOSTS AND WEAPONS CLANK EERILY...

ARMOR-- TO  
FIGHT THAT  
HYPERBOREAN  
SCUM!

AS IF ARMOR WOULD  
STALL OFF DEATH, IF  
HE CALLED MY  
NAME!

WHERE'S YOUR  
KING? WHEN DOES  
HE COME FORTH  
TO LEAD US?

KING BRIAN?  
WE FIGHT FOR  
HIM-- NOT  
HE FOR US.

HELL COME FORTH  
FROM HIS TENT  
WHEN WE'VE WON  
THE DAY FOR HIM--  
NOT BEFORE.



FARE THEE  
WELL, MY  
LOVE. IF WE  
DO NOT MEET  
AGAIN--

HUSH GIRL! WELL  
LAUGH OF THIS,  
WHEN NIGHT COMES  
AGAIN.

HORSEMEN, HO!  
DUNLANG--  
GATHER YOUR  
HOSTS-- ERE  
THE NORTHERN  
DOGS ARE  
UPON US!

AND SO THE  
OLD SEND  
FORTH THE  
YOUNG TO  
DIE-- WHILE  
THEY MAKE  
MERRY IN  
THEIR  
TENTS.

BACK IN  
CIMMERIA,  
OUR KINGS  
LEAD THE  
CHARGE--  
THEIR BROAD-  
SWORDS IN  
THEIR HANDS.

MAYBE THAT'S  
BECAUSE  
WE'RE NOT--  
CIVILIZED.

NOR DOES EVEN THE TREACHEROUS  
KING TOMAR SKULK IN THE SAFETY  
OF HIS TENT.. BUT LEADS HIS WILD  
HORDE AS THE RAM LEADS THE FLOCK...

{ FOR BORRI! }  
BORRI!!

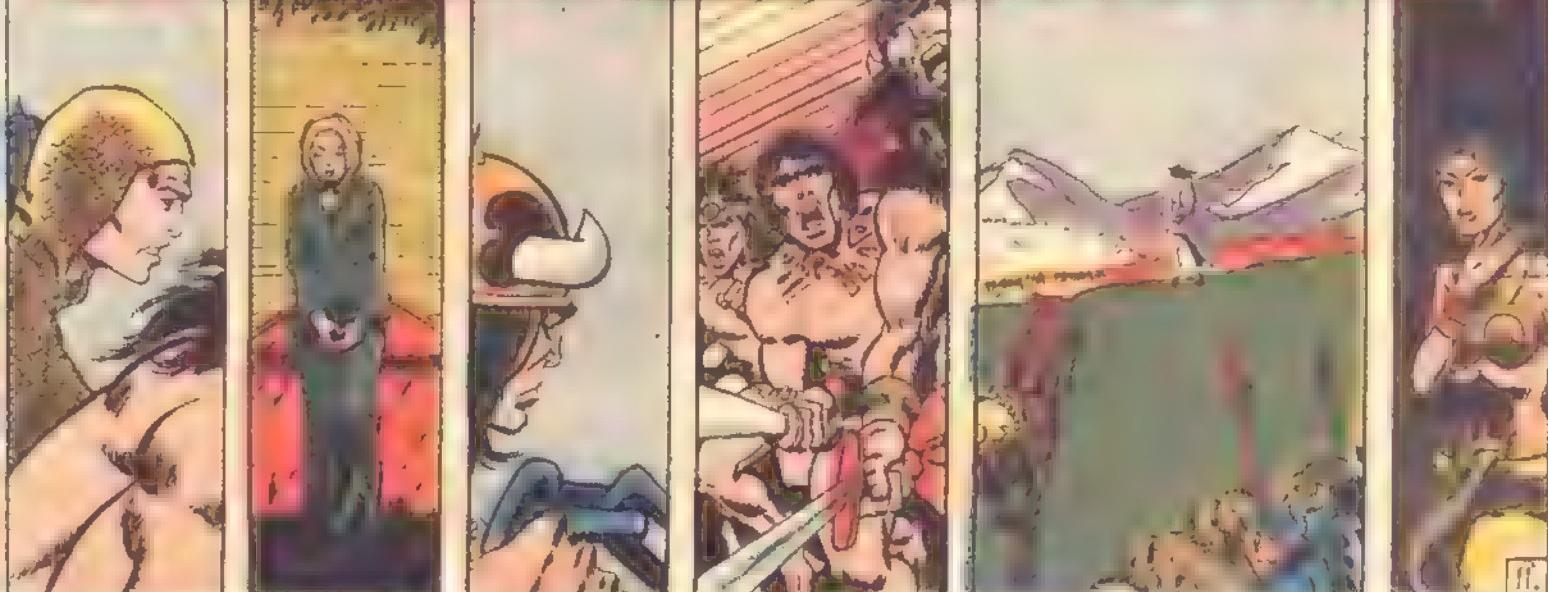
BORRI? WHOSE NAME IS THAT  
THEY SHOUT?  
AND WHO'S THAT  
DARK ONE  
GOADING THEM ON?

BORRI'S THEIR WAR-  
GOD, WHOSE SACRIFICES  
ARE THE SOULS OF THOSE  
SLAIN IN BATTLE...

... WHILE THE WILD-MANED  
ONE IS TOMAR, THEIR KING  
... WHO HAS SENT MORE  
WARRIOR'S TO BORRI THAN  
MORTAL MAN CAN COUNT.

BUT NOW,  
THEY CHARGE  
--SO STAND YOU  
FAST,  
CIMMERIAN--

"...FOR THIS IS THE DAY THE RAVENS DRINK BLOOD!"



AND NOW, A DEEP-TONED ROAR GOES UP TO THE HEAVENS... AND TWO GREAT HOSTS ROLL TOGETHER LIKE A TIDAL WAVE. THERE ARE NO MANEUVERS OF STRATEGY, NO CAVALRY CHARGES, NO FLIGHTS OF STEEL-TIPPED ARROWS...

--AS FORTY THOUSAND MEN FIGHT ON FOOT--HAND TO HAND, MAN TO MAN, SLAYING AND DYING IN RED CHAOS--

12

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FOR DUNLANG, THE DARK PROPHECY OF EEVIN IS FORGOTTEN--THOUGH BLOW AFTER BLOW IS WARDED OFF BY MAGIC-FORGED ARMOR---

THEN SUDDENLY, IN THAT MAD SEA OF BATTLE WHERE WILD FACES COME AND GO LIKE WAVES, THE YOUTH CALLED CONAN BEHOLES A BOLD, BLOND HYPERBOREAN--AND REMEMBERS A LASH THAT BIT LIKE AN ANGRY ADDER--

I SEE NO GLINT OF RECOGNITION IN YOUR EYES. YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN ME --



**BOYS! MEN!**

MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD CAN GIVE YOU POWERFULLY TONED MUSCLES AND PUT FULL STRENGTH IN YOUR MUSCLES... MAKE THEM SO STRONG YOU WILL BE PROUD TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS HOW FULL OF STRENGTH YOU ARE! IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—WITH ABSOLUTELY NO WEIGHTS, NO BAR BELLS, NO FORMAL LONG EXERCISES AT ALL!! (MAKES GLADIATOR MUSCLES TO A GLADIATOR JOB)



HERE ARE THE KIND OF TESTIMONIALS YOU WILL WANT TO WRITE AFTER YOU MASTER DYNAFLEX:

"I tried two other muscle toning systems before I tried Dynaflex. It really works and how! I have the strength and muscle tone I always wanted. I can't praise Dynaflex enough."

"Never thought you can really tone my muscles and make them so strong without long periods of exercise or weight lifting. Dynaflex has truly amazed me."

"Every summer it seemed to be the same old story—I don't like to admit this but I was pretty much a废 (waste). But now with Mike Marvel's New Dynaflex Method that tones BIG & STYLISH POWERHUSES OF ACTION I feel like a PANTHER ON THE PROWL. I've got plenty of GLADIATOR POWER in my Shoulders, Hips, Arms & Legs... and I feel every part the DYNASTY OF ALL ON HACKED POWER IN EVERY MUSCLE in my BODY."

"Yes if the girls laugh at you now when you try doing anything that requires strength-toned up muscles—they will be amazed, astonished, with the strength and strong men things you will be able to do after you master the DYNAFLEX METHOD! You will be so proud of the feats of strength you will be able to do, of the increased power in every one of your muscles" says Mike Marvel, Master of toning and putting strength into muscles!

Pal—do yourself a favor . . . Try your muscles and see if they are as strong as you would like them to be. Can you lift as much as you really should be able to? Are you ashamed of your muscle strength? Believe it or not I can increase your muscle tone . . . add strength to your muscles . . . improve your ability to display your new found BIG MUSCLE STRENGTH . . . enough to make you proud so you will beam with delight at how strong you have become, at how easily you perform things that require muscle tone—strength—endurance—that you never thought you had in you!

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#### STRONG MAN SEX APPEAL

A quick while he man appeal display feats of strength so amazing so typical of men with real strength you will be proud to show what you can do at the beach, in the gym, in sports you enjoy . . . The females will stare at your display of strength with envy and jealousy, when they see all the girls crowd around

to watch how strong you have become, how you toned your muscles and filled them full of strength, and if the boys want to know how you did it tell them about the miracle secrets of Dynaflex (Complete instructions in one book only \$1.98), included Free a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS."

#### MAIL NO-RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MIKE MARVEL, Dept P-II Box 322, Lenox Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10021

O.K. Mike Marvel, enclosed is my \$1.98. Send me your entire Dynaflex System in one book which includes a chapter on "SECRETS OF ATTRACTING GIRLS". I must agree that the Dynaflex method has given me powerfully toned muscles, put full strength in my muscles, made me so strong that I can be proud to show my friends how strong I am . . .

And it must do this in 10 minutes a day—with nothing else to buy—now or in the future, or I get my \$1.98 back—with no questions asked upon return of the book!

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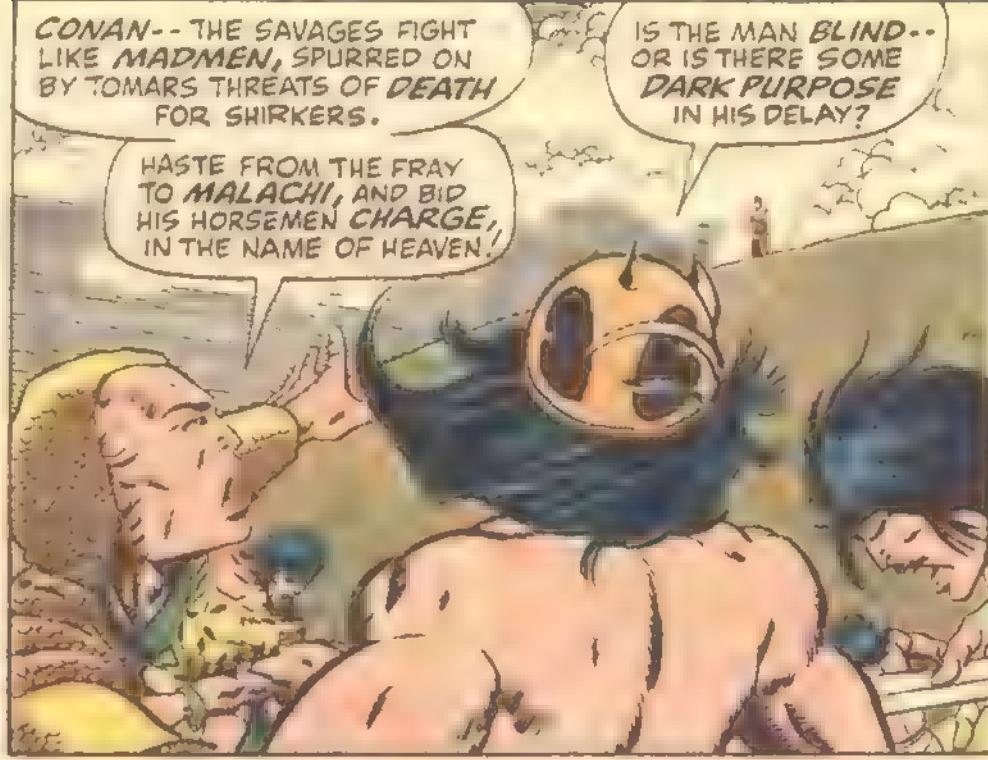
SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

--BUT I DID  
NOT FORGET!

CONAN-- THE SAVAGES FIGHT  
LIKE MADMEN, SPURRED ON  
BY TOMARS THREATS OF DEATH  
FOR SHIRKERS.

IS THE MAN BLIND--  
OR IS THERE SOME  
DARK PURPOSE  
IN HIS DELAY?

HASTE FROM THE FRAY  
TO MALACHI, AND BID  
HIS HORSEMEN CHARGE,  
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN!



WE SHALL NEVER  
KNOW--IF YOU  
STAND THERE  
GAPING ALL  
DAY. GO, LAD!

AYE-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE  
YOU ASK IT, FRIEND.

FOR MYSELF,  
I'D STAND AND  
FIGHT-- TILL A  
SPEAR BROUGHT  
ME DOWN.



MALACHI--  
DUNLANG  
URGES YOU  
TO CHARGE..

NAY.

--OR ELSE  
THE DAY IS  
LOST!

IT IS NOT  
YET TIME.

I WILL CHARGE--  
WHEN THE TIME  
COMES.

CONAN SAYS NOTHING,  
BUT LOOKS INTO THE  
FURTIVE EYES OF  
MALACHI--AY, PERHAPS  
INTO HIS VERY SOUL--  
AND SEES THERE THE  
BLACK, SPROUTING  
SEEDS OF...  
TREACHERY.



DUNLANG! MALACHI SAYS HE WILL CHARGE--WHEN THE TIME COMES.

BY THE GODS.. WE ARE BETRAYED!

THEN--THE DEVIL TAKE THIS ARMOR!  
I'LL WEAR IT NO LONGER!

LET US CHARGE--  
LIKE MEN--

AND  
DIE!!

I KILLED THE BRYTHONIANS' LEADER--NOW THEY ARE DOOMED.

IF THEY ARE,  
COWARD--

IT WILL MATTER  
NOT TO YOU!

DUNLANG--  
LEAN ON ME,  
MAN, AND I'LL CARRY YOU TO--

THEN, DUNLANG FALLS LIMP--AND CONAN GOES MAD--!!

NO LONGER DOES HE FIGHT FOR PERSONAL REVENGE--BUT FOR A MEMORY--A MEMORY WHICH FILLS HIS HEART AND THROWS WITH FIRE--

--AND WHICH, FINALLY, FILLS AN ARMY WITH THE WILL TO WIN IT THOUGHT IT HAD LOST--

NAY..  
JUST TELL  
EEVIN--  
TELL HER  
I--

BLAST  
THAT CHAIN-WIELDING FOOL!

HE'LL YET COST ME MY KINGDOM--MY LIFE!

BUT, ALL IS NOT YET  
LOST-- IF BRIAN  
DIES AT MY HAND.

AND-- YONDER  
LIE HIS TENTS!

THUS DO THEY PASS,  
LIKE TWO SHIPS IN THE  
NIGHT-- THE ONE WHO  
HAS ORDERED THOU-  
SANDS TO THEIR DEATHS...

...AND THE  
OTHER...

..FOR WHOM THE FAST-  
SETTING SUN SHALL  
NEVER RISE AGAIN.

THE BATTLE'S  
DONE-- AND  
STILL MALACHI  
STANDS UNMOVING  
ON THE HILL.

WAIT THERE,  
TRAITOR-- JUST  
A FEW MOMENTS  
LONGER.

QUICKLY--  
MY HORSE!

DID YOU HEAR ME,  
YOU SNIVELING--?

WAIT! COME  
BACK HERE!  
DON'T LEAVE  
ME!

COME  
BACK!

HAH! LOOK AT THAT ONE WEEP,  
FOR SOME FRAIL, FALLEN WARRIOR.

THOUGH  
TOMAR  
BE DEFEATED  
--MALACHI  
MAY YET SAL-  
VAGE HONOR  
AND BOOTY  
FROM THIS DAY.

AND KORMLADA  
SHALL SALVAGE  
MALACHI.

AH-- THERE HE  
IS-- BUT WHO--?

SPEAK, BLAST  
YOU, BARBARIAN--  
SPEAK!

DON'T JUST DOG  
MY TRAIL-- LIKE  
SOME STALKING  
WOLF.

YOU SIDED WITH THE  
ENEMY-- YOU SHALL  
DIE LIKE THE ENEMY.

YOU'D TRY TO  
KILL ME--WITH  
NAUGHT BUT  
A DANGLING  
CHAIN?

I'LL GUT YOU  
BEFORE YOU  
CAN--

LIKE A SILENT PANTHER,  
CONAN LEAPS---AND  
STRIKES---

. . . THEN TURNS AND STRIDES,  
SOUNDLESS, FROM THIS GLEN  
WHERE DEATH HAS CAST  
HIS LENGTHENING SHADOW.

THE BARBARIAN--  
ALIVE! THEN  
MALACHI MUST  
BE--

--DEAD.

AND WITH  
HIM--THE DREAMS  
I'VE DREAMED--  
THE SCHEMES  
I'VE--

NO! HE CANNOT BE DEAD.  
LIVE, YOU SPINELESS WORM  
--LIVE!

LIVE!!!

BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER--  
UNLESS ONE COUNTS THE  
MOCKING SILENCE.

WHILE, AT THE NEARBY CAMP-  
SITE, TWO CUPS OF HATRED  
SUDDENLY RUN OVER, AS--

TOMAR--  
YOU!

BUT--MY  
GUARDS!  
HOW DID YOU  
GET--?

YOUR GUARDS  
ARE CARELESS,  
BRIAN--CAROUSING  
AND SHOUTING AFAR  
OF THEIR GREAT  
VICTORY--

--A VICTORY YOU  
WILL NEVER  
SHARE, BY  
BORRI!

WHAT??

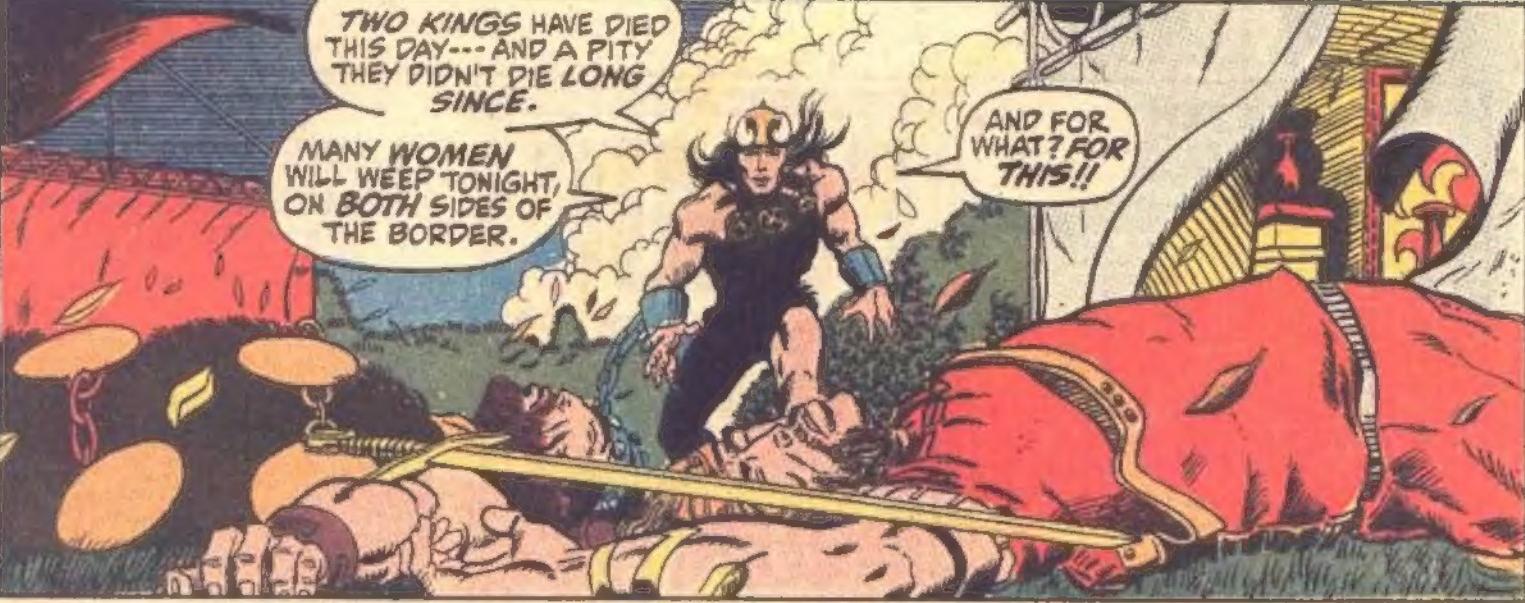


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CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

TWO KINGS HAVE DIED  
THIS DAY---AND A PITY  
THEY DIDN'T DIE LONG  
SINCE.

MANY WOMEN  
WILL WEEP TONIGHT,  
ON BOTH SIDES OF  
THE BORDER.

AND FOR  
WHAT? FOR  
THIS!!



THE SUN HAS SUNK  
NOW, IN A DARK OCEAN  
OF SCARLET---

GREAT CLOUDS  
ROLL AND TUMBLE,  
AND A WIND BLOWS  
OUT OF THEM---

AND, BORNE ON THAT  
WIND, ETCHED SHADOWY  
AGAINST THE CLOUDS---

--RIDE SHAPES WHICH THE  
YOUNG BARBARIAN HAS SEEN  
BEFORE---



THE CHOOSERS  
OF THE  
SLAIN!

I SEE IT NOW.  
HE IS BORRI--  
BORRI, THE  
NORTHERN  
WAR-GOD--

--SENDING  
HIS WILD WOMEN  
TO GATHER LOST  
SOULS FOR ONE  
LAST TIME.

AND  
WITH THEM  
--THE GREY  
MAN!

FOR, EVEN  
THE GODS MUST  
DIE--WHEN THEIR  
ALTARS CRUMBLE  
--AND THEIR  
WORSHIPPERS  
ALL ARE FALLEN.



AND NOW BEGINS THE CHOOSING OF THE WORTHY ONES... AMIDST THE CRIES OF LONG-DEAD HEROES WHISTLING IN THE VOID, AND THE SHOUTS OF FORGOTTEN GODS.



BUT, IF SOME HYPERBOREAN SOULS CRY OUT-- THE TAUT-LIPPED MAIDENS DO NOT SEEM TO HEAR.



THEN, IN SOMBER SILENCE, THEY SPUR THEIR WHITE-WINGED MOUNTS UPWARD...



-- SPEEDING THEIR WAY INTO THE MISTS FOR THE FINAL TIME...

--AS A BLACK-MANED BARBARIAN SIGHs, AND RECALLS A GOD'S LAST VOW--



"-- AND OF MORE THAN KINGS!"



# THE HYBORIAN PAGE

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The first smash issue of CONAN THE BARBARIAN drew an unprecedented number of letters — a multitudinous mountain of mail which ran the critical gamut from extravagant praise to a very occasional out-and-out pan. Since a heavy advertising schedule dictated at the last minute that we feature only a one-page LP this month, we therefore decided to present for your enlightenment and edification a random sampling of excerpts from the missives we've received since CONAN #1 went on sale. Ready — set — GO!

"The best thing that's happened to comics since the FANTASTIC FOUR!" — Johnathan Toms, Nashville, Tenn.

"Barry Smith makes Conan look as I often imagine him whilst reading among my complete collection of Conan paperbacks, even though he's not as muscular as the cover suggested!"

— Larry Nunn, New York, N.Y.

"Let's go step by step. (1) The artwork: Unending, exciting action. Barry has hit the peak of his talent. (2) The script: Roy keeps beating himself with each story he writes. Robert E. Howard would be proud himself. (3) Conan: The true barbarian, Hero, but not saint. Young, but experienced. Captureable, but unstoppable." — Jerry Gelb, Miami Beach, Fla.

"Crom! That was some comic! My only criticism was that I had always pictured Conan as being somewhat taller and — note this — broader!" — Michael Jordan, Saginaw, Mich.

"Where does Conan fit in the Marvel world? Is he real or fiction in the Baxter Building?" — Paul Sanford (address lost).

"Barry and Roy captured the essence of Conan better than deCamp and Carter in their finish to the series, Conan of the Isles. I think the limitations of the caption space which Roy had were well overcome by the savagery in the art!"

— William J. Rogers, San Angelo, Tex.

"Barry Smith will soon be the artist to fill the void left by Jack Kirby!" — Jim Griffin, Roseburg, Ore.

"The cover was beautiful, marred only by the single, useless word balloon." — Thomas Anthony, Bethlehem, Pa.

"Now why don't you go all the way and come out with a mag about King Kull?" — Darrel Smith.

"I was stunned! Where was the Conan I knew, the Conan who would annihilate any foe, tackle any sorcerer? I saw no such Conan! I saw a frail, thin, long-haired, run-of-the-mill medieval soldier, who runs around fight with a cavalry sabre, not a broadsword! One thing held me on: a tiny spark of light in the darkness! I saw Conan, the Conan I knew if I looked hard enough. I saw the genuine Hyborian Age, complete with authentic scenery, battlefields littered with bodies, and Conan fighting it out with the other survivor! I saw Conan attack, kill, and rise in rank swiftly in a savage mercenary army! There was the Conan I knew! I was overjoyed!" — Randy Holder (address lost).

"Well, you've finally done it! CONAN #1 proves that Marvel is really making it! I never thought it would be possible to adapt such a great action hero into a comic!"

— Rob Reiner, El Monte, Calif.

"Just one suggestion: either make CONAN a monthly, or make it 25¢ and twice as large!" — Frank Lynch, N. Palm Beach, Fla.

"Roy, you did a very nice job here, showing knowledge of and respect for the original character." — David Simons, Wallkill, N.Y.

"I notice you changed the original barbarian land of "Asgard" to "Aesgaard" to prevent instant confusion with Thor's homeland!" — Lewis Forro, Savannah, Ga.

"I wish you would send more copies to Albuquerque. I was able to buy only seven copies of issue #1!"

— Michael Arndt, Albuquerque, N. Mex.



**NEXT: TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT!**